

CEUNANT
MOUNTAINEERING
CLUB

Affiliated to the BMC

NEWSHEET OCTOBER 1984

Comment

Every weekend several LCCC members use Tyn Lon - all pleasant blokes and good luck to them - evidence of the reciprocal agreement in action.

When did a Ceunant member last use Tranearth ?

Answers please (or comments) in time for the next issue.

Since pointing out that the most interesting log has disappeared from Tyn Lon I have been accused by half the Club of implying that they personally have been responsible. An instant guilty pang like when you suddenly see a police car in the mirror. Does this mean that the culprit is in the unprotesting half ?

CLUB NEWS

Borrowdale Meet Report Martin Jolly

The weekend of the 15th and 16th June saw an excellent attendance of people on the Borrowdale meet. A number of people met at the Golden Lion on Friday night and Junior's brother made us all very welcome.

Saturday

Many routes were accomplished in fine style at Shepherd's and Goat Crag. Steve Harvatt and Lew Devlin attempted North Buttress and succeeded after about seven days of seige tactics.

Mike Tolson, alias 'Tanker the Banker' alias 'Slide a Fish' is knocking down the grades and is now a HVS man after Blaspheming Butterfly and Finale.

After a searing hot day on the crags certain members of the team retired to the Swiss Lodore Hotel for a meal of peanuts and gerkins, compliments of the management. When each bowl was demolished another magically appeared. This must be published in the new 'Free Food Guide', authors S Coughlan and C Morris alias Sirch.

Later on that evening the vast majority of club members decended on the Golden Lion to partake of the Landlord's hospitality and late night piss up!

Sunday Morning

Various heads were throbbing and even more so was our friendly minstrel's,

otherwise known as Simon the Pied Piper of Les Arcs. Simon had a tree fall from the sky onto his cranium whilst climbing, which for some reason seemed to buckle the spokes of his bicycle wheel. Thus the new bicycle shop businessman caught the train home although he did cycle to the Lakes for the weekend.

As M R Jolley was doing his morning rounds he spied unusual behaviour amongst the inmates/primates of the lower eschellons of the climbing fraternity, absorbed in a morning's delousing ceremony, otherwise known as sheep tic obliterating. Many theories were investigated and old wives remedies sought all to no avail.

When everyone had recovered on Sunday morning certain cliques found it too hot to climb and retired to the boozier for some light refreshment, whilst others battled up some of the classic climbs of Borrowdale.

Miss Bailey was said to have been heard on the Bowderstone Pinnacle screaming at her jovial leader who was oblivious to the raucous laughter in the valley below!

A great weekend, aided greatly by the glorious weather. The general trend is for Lakes meets in the future we hope, rather than some of the more outrageous suggestions because the Ceunant is really a conservative lot!

M R Jolley Ski Holiday at Christmas

A meeting is to be arranged in the near future to discuss the proposed trip to St Anton.

Proposed dates: 22nd Dec - 29th Dec.

Small amount of self catering available but a large chalet is available on a similar basis.

A rough estimate of the cost -

Flyout/ self catering - 175 pounds

Coach/self catering - 135 pounds

Early booking per person 15 pounds off above prices.

For further information contact M R Jolley, telephone 326 6134.

Indoor Meets

Two well attended meets were held in the early summer. One to Habbeley Valley and the other to Kinver. Weather was not too kind on each occasion but the post non-existent climbing arrangements more than compensated. Perhaps we are seeing the development of a new branch of zen climbing; without rocks. Congratulations to M Beddard for excellent food/booze organisation but next time can you have a word with God about the weather.

MACSTIFFS' TRAVERSE by Ian Mason.

(taken from the Ceunant Journal, 1965)

(Thanks to Graham Dyke for digging this article out)

It was in early September when I found I could take a few days off, so promptly ejecting the accumulated rubbish of the last six months from the back of the Land Rover, I slung my camping and mountaineering gear in and set off for the Western Highlands with the minimum of delay. I was just past Stirling when I spied ahead of me two figures laden with rucksacks which my trained eye immediately informed me were shapely young women and that judging by their boots they were also bound for the mountains. In obedience to the rigid principle of a lifetime I pulled up smartly and they clambered in. They were from Manchester and as I had surmised, were bound for Glencoe or the Western Highlands if they could make it. On being informed that this was my own objective they decided to make only the overnight stop in Glencoe (which is my usual practice on the way up) and to continue with the transport I could provide.

Like myself they were both hillwalkers who enjoyed an occasional rock climb when opportunity, inclination, and a leader with sufficient patience were available, which in my own case is not all that often. I was rather surprised when they expressed the same views as they both had very much more than their fair share of glamour and curves in the right places. When I remarked on this, as my advancing years make it possible for me to do without offence, the dark-haired Barbara began a long and complex explanation which apparently involved the love life of about eight different people. This was cut short when we saw another figure on the road ahead of us, making the hitchhikers' sign with monotonous regularity at intervals of about thirty seconds. I got the impression that the owner must have a built-in mechanism to do this, like a marker buoy at sea with a flashing light.

Brenda, the blonde, exclaimed, "I suppose it IS human! - are you going to give it a lift?"

This remark was quite justified as any really nervous motorist would have speeded up to pass in haste what appeared at first glance to be a monster out of a horror film, but which on closer inspection proved to be an extremely tall young man enveloped in a gas cape, ex-army, ranks, for the use of, large size, which gave him the general aspect of a very much oversized edition of the Hunch Back of Notre Dame. With fearless abandon and a trust in the athletic ability of two sturdy young passengers to protect me, I pulled up once more and signalled the apparition to get in through the back of the vehicle. What little we could see of him beneath the cowl of the gas cape told nothing, for he was heavily and untidily bearded, while a thatch of straw coloured hair which matched, or nearly matched his beard escaped in profusion from the shelter of the cowl. He wore thick, steel-rimmed glasses which revealed nothing of the eyes behind and as far as getting any impression of the owner was concerned we might as well have tried to judge the character of a car owner driving his vehicle through a hay stack with only the headlamps visible.

He exclaimed loudly, "Gey goo ah yeh. Wull ye be for Ach nasheen?", which I rightly took to express thanks and a desire to get to Ach nasheen. With rather mixed feelings I realised I had at last met one of my fellow countrymen who had either a cleft palate or whose parents had been music hall comics. His efforts to divest himself of the gas cape were catastrophic and when he had got this wedged over his head and jammed in his rucksack behind, we got out to help him as he appeared to be in imminent danger of suffocation. However, the neatly coiled full weight rope on his rucksack produced a more respectful attitude in both myself and my young passengers and with him installed in the back we went on our way.

Conversation was difficult, but there was plenty of time and the need for an interpreter did not make itself felt so acutely as it might otherwise have done. By studious application we learned to understand him, discovering that he

too was bound for the Western Highlands and would be delighted to have a lift all the way. He was very reticent as to which part of Scotland he hailed from, but confessed to the honoured name of MacDuff and on hearing that we all liked rock climbing in moderation, i.e. mods. and diffs., he promised to take us on "a most interesting climb". I will spare the reader any more of his accent which subsequently proved to be phoney and not the result of a cleft palate.

In Glencoe we camped for the night and following my usual practice for a one night stop did not bother to pitch the tent, but chatted to the two girls as they erected theirs. My help was obviously not required for they had the tent in position with the gear in it and the kettle on the stove in about four minutes flat. I have a put up bed in the Land Rover which balances on the bulkhead behind the seats and which anyone with iron nerves and the ability to lie absolutely motionless all night can sleep in comparative comfort. MacDuff was still struggling with his Government surplus bivvy tent when we started serving tea and it was at this point that Barbara, who had an irreverent attitude to life generally, christened him "MacStiff". It was then after ten so we all went to bed, the others being quite prepared for a daybreak start which with luck would give us a few hours in Torrison in the daylight. We did in fact make good time and arrived without further incident, enjoying a short walk to the first peak of Alligan before supper.

In the morning we set out for the climb promised us by the redoubtable MacStiff. The two girls were now calling him this to his face and I hadn't the slightest idea whether he realised this or not. I was also a little uneasy about his abilities as a leader though he appeared to know what he was talking about and seemed to have bags of confidence. He referred to the guidebook constantly as we set out for the foot of the climb which involved a long walk round the north side of the mountain, after we could get the Land Rover no further, though at least it did cut down our walking time quite a bit.

MacStiff kept referring to the guide book and ultimately led us to a gully up which we scrambled without difficulty, commenting on the fortunate fact that it was on the east side of a projecting buttress and so placed that it caught the sun which shone from a cloudless sky and made the rock pleasantly warm. I began to feel that my vague uneasiness about MacStiff was unjustified, particularly as we were only on a pleasant scramble and hadn't even roped up yet.

About two hundred feet up on a wide platform our leader waited for us to join him. We did so and roped up; Barbara following him, myself next, Brenda last. Four on a rope was unavoidable in the circumstances and according to MacStiff quite convenient as the climb consisted almost entirely of a traverse with short pitches. Barbara expressed the opinion that there was not enough romance in his soul to plug an inadequate fingerhold in the rock and had offered to come walking with me while he took Brenda alone on the climb, but he had insisted on taking all four of us. We waited while he stepped out onto the path which he informed us later dwindled into a delicate traverse across the buttress. I realised that whatever his shortcomings he certainly had the soul of a mountaineer for he was quite obviously frothing over with excitement like a glass of bad beer. We obeyed his stern injunctions to wait on the platform though as far as the first pitch was concerned we could all have walked along it quite safely unroped and with our hands in our pockets as it was only a grassy ledge about eighteen inches wide, inclining upwards at about ten or fifteen degrees across the rock face.

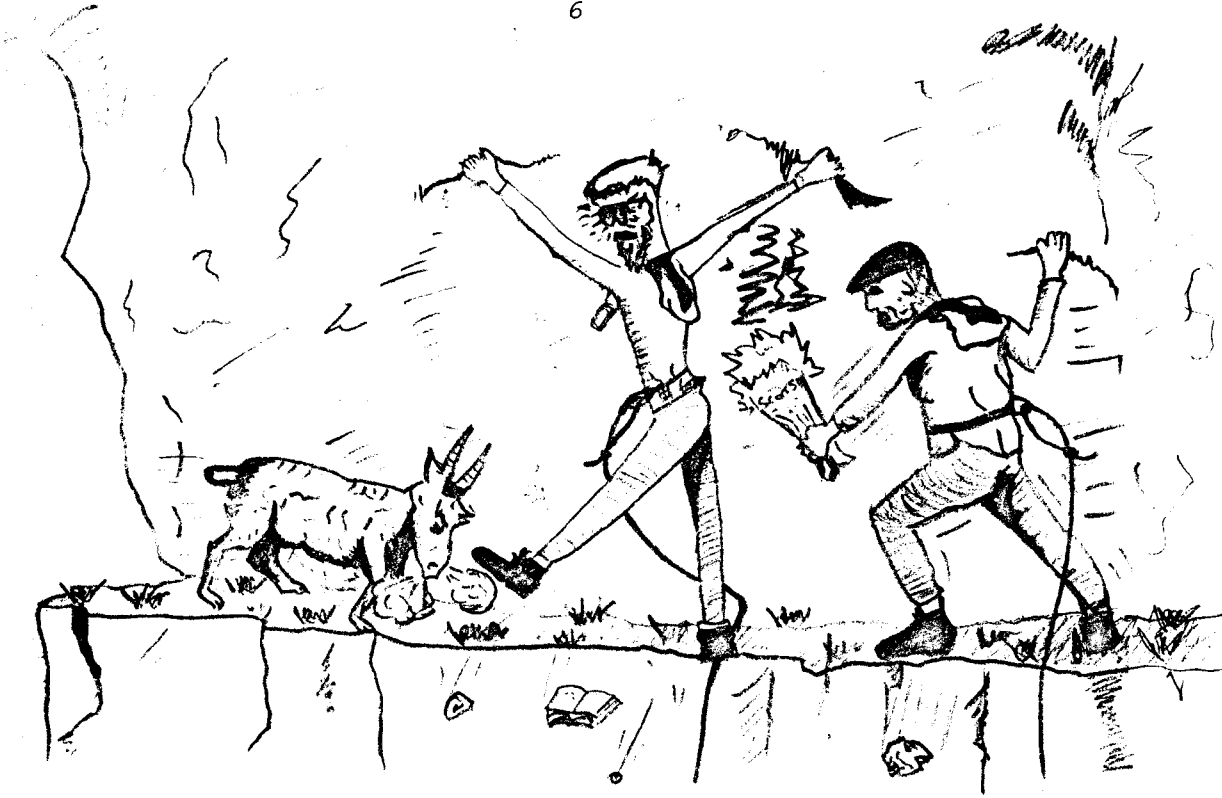
MacStiff disappeared round the curve of the buttress and in a few minutes shouted for the second to come. I payed out the rope while Barbara followed him, then went along myself. The ledge remained the same width, the main hazards being the large tufts of grass, heather and other luxuriant foliage with which it was overgrown. I joined Barbara and MacStiff upon another wide grassy platform big enough to park a corporation 'bus. Brenda quickly followed and MacStiff set off again. We could see that the ledge now began to narrow though it was still anything between six inches and a foot wide. MacStiff began to tear heather, grass

and other assorted greenery out by the roots, grumbling all the while about the neglected state of the climb. I suggested that we hadn't probably started the traverse proper yet and that he might as well leave the offending vegetation where it was and let us clamber over it. But he insisted on continuing his gigantic gardening operations, so we leaned against the rock basking in the sunlight. MacStiff vanished round a slight curve in the rockface, but we could still hear the earthworming operations going on. We drowsed pleasantly, eating raisins and biscuits.

For a long time there seemed to be no further rope needed. Barbara said, "he hasn't thrown any stuff down for ages. Do you think he's alright?" Repeated shouts produced no reply, so finally filled to the bung with frustration, we decided to organise a following-up party. I belayed Barbara to a spike, untied Brenda, then tied her on again close to her friend, tied myself on to the now vacant end of rope and proceeded cautiously along the ledge. I was rapidly rewarded with a view of MacStiff clinging to the rock face like a barnacle with both hands and one foot, while with the other he fended off repeated attacks of a large ram, which, equipped with a magnificent pair of horns, was trying to bounce him off the ledge. Fortunately, at this point the ledge was at least a foot wide and MacStiff had found a deep crack for one foot, and a couple of really good jugs for his hands. By great good fortune I had a copy of that excellent newspaper "The Scotsman" in my pocket. I had intended to read this as we lunched at the top of the climb, but I now realised that I must sacrifice my intellectual activities if MacStiff was not to become a fixture on the mountain and a valuable breeding animal die of old age or frustration. I extracted a sheet of the paper, rolled it loosely, lit a match, set fire to it and with my blazing torch before me and another unlit but in readiness cautiously by-passed MacStiff and made a rapid pass at the noble creatures' snout with my fiery weapon. The beast was evidently a non-smoker for it immediately turned, displaying an enviable agility and departed snorting loudly in a disapproving manner. I lit my other torch and followed it, noting with some surprise that it passed up a gully, under a large wedged boulder and so out of sight. I hadn't sufficient rope to follow it but it seemed to me that to creep up the gully under the boulder must be a natural route to the top.

There was no sign of the delicate traverse ahead; the ledge just meandered on upwards, its width nowhere less than six inches and the vegetation more luxuriant than ever, including some promising young trees that would have fetched several bob each had we been able to transport them to Birmingham. As they were almost certainly fated to be torn off the ledge by MacStiff, who had indeed begun to move forward with his spectacles flashing in the sun, I did toy with the idea of trying to make the expedition pay, but discarded it in view of the obvious disadvantages of our two mile walk back to the Landrover carrying two saplings apiece. It would, however, have been a nice touch to treat the locals to part of the famous scene from MacBeth where each soldier carries a tree. I abandoned this cultural project also with the ashes of 'the Scotsman' and we resumed our former positions on the rope.

This time the two girls and I sat on the ledge with our feet dangling over the edge while MacStiff continued his devastating progress as a bulldozer in the jungle. Clods of earth, tufts of grass and heather, the odd saplings or so continued to pour over the cliff with monotonous regularity, while we kept a sharp lookout below in case any other climbers should have been ill advised enough to visit the same spot. When the next move forward took place and there was still no sign of the ledge turning into a delicate traverse I suggested to MacStiff that we crawl up the gully under the boulder and see if we could find a route onto the ridge. I pointed out that we could borrow picks and shovels from the village and return the next day to clean up the ledge with these mechanical aids if he felt his conscience required him to leave it in good condition. He received this suggestion in stony silence and continued to fight his way forward. The two girls were now laughing almost continuously and from the remarks they were exchanging with each other I concluded that they no longer had any great opinion of MacStiff either as a man or as a route finder. Indeed some of the remarks were so unladylike that I burst out laughing myself.



Once more the ledge meandered round a slight projection on the rock face and MacStiff disappeared from view. We continued our conversation, giving thanks for the warm sun which made the expedition very pleasant indeed. Suddenly we noticed the absence of further sounds and the cessation of earth moving activities. Eagerly we awaited the signal to move forward onto the traverse which we had fought so hard to achieve and for which we had sacrificed Scotlands' national newspaper and MacStiffs' dignity, not to mention the rams! The signal did not come. Impatient and reckless as ever, I strolled along the broad surface of the neatly cleaned up ledge round the bulge, to be faced with a further projection below which broadened the ledge considerably. I circumvented this also to find our gallant leader standing on a grassy platform from which the rock dropped away sheer on three sides and rose equally sheer on the fourth against the mountain. Joe Brown might have found a route up, but I could see nothing that looked like a handhold or a foothold and it was fairly obvious that MacStiff had reached the same conclusion. Mumbling into his beard about badly written guide books, possible rock falls destroying the route, he led the way up the gully under the boulder from where we found an easy path onto the ridge.

As we gained the ridge we met two young men who greeted us politely and showed some disposition to linger in which they were encouraged by the two girls. "Which way have you come up?" enquired one of the young men. "Up there", replied Brenda pointing, "the traverse, isn't it? Comes up under the boulder!"

The two young men burst out laughing. "That's no traverse—it's a sheep track", said one of them, "used to be used a while back for walking off from one of the climbs, but they found a better way down further on. The traverse route you mention is three or four hundred yards away. But anyway it's a fine view you get from the path. We must take another walk down there sometime!"

We spent the evening pleasantly enough together in the nearest local, but MacStiff was very silent, and in the morning we found that like the Arab in the poem he had folded his tent and silently stolen away.

Knoydart is the wettest place in the British Isles so it was very pleasing to arrive at the campsite at Invergarry and find the sun shining strongly. Ros and I set up our tents and then mid-afternoon drove up to the Loch Quoich dam to climb:

Garich 3,015 ft

This is the finely shaped mountain standing above the dam and from the beautifully undulating little road along the north shore of Loch Garry it dominates the view.

In very unpredictable weather we set off about 4.00pm, across the dam and along a good path round the Eastern end of the Loch, passing many strangely sculptured tree stumps and branches, all bleached white like bones. Where the path drops into Glen Kingie a long gentle ridge takes one up to the peak of the mountain. The final section is very steep and requires some scrambling. At 6.30pm we were on top and here we were sunnily hit by a hail squall which quickly whitened the summit. I took a photo of Ros by the cairn then we descended westwards into Glen Kingie. It was a long trudge back down the Glen and it rained heavily all the way. All around the mountains looked snow covered; in fact they were covered in hail. We got back to the car about 9.30pm and on the drive back to Invergarry by chance met Jock Colquhoun coming back from the pub.

Spidean Mialach 3,268ft, Gleouraich 3,395ft

Back at camp Rosalind's friends, Bob Dunn and Bill Crew had arrived. Next morning Ros sorted out a nice little "horseshoe walk", Spidean - Gleouraich. We fled the campsite which was swarming with midges and drove back down to Quoich dam.

These two mountains are on the North side of the Loch and a circuit of them is started up a good stalkers' path reached by driving a further 3 miles along the road towards Kinloch Hourn. It was a superb day, a complete contrast to the preceding evening. All the hail had melted away and the hillsides were hay-coloured again.

Esay walking to above Lochan Fearnna, then a long, dull slope up to Spidean Mialach. Bob and Bill were not going to be amused by this! Great views from the summit and of the South Glen Shiel Ridge especially. Simple ridge walking to Gleouraich with its columbular trig. point and a very good and grassy path back down to the car. Here we met Jock again; he had spotted our car and waited for us. He said he was tired of talking to the sheep and the heather and decided to join us for a couple of expeditions.

Ladhar Bheinn 3,343ft

This is the mountain of the area. It was a hot day - shorts and tee shirts for the walk in to Barrisdale along the well worn path beside Loch Hourn. Initially this six mile walk is easy but then come a number of switchbacks. A marvellous old tiger moth type biplane flew past us just a few feet above the Loch. Later we saw it had landed in a tiny field at Barrisdale House. We also saw it take off again and incredibly it only used half the field!

We chose an old ruined cottage for our base and after a brew and lunch, hid our bivi gear and set off for the mountain.

We took the steep ridge up to Aonach Sgoilte. The 500ft high step in the ridge was easily bypassed to the left by a grassy traverse followed by a

steep grassy scramble to the top. Two miles of rough ridge round the head of Coirè Dhorrcail lead to a final stiff pull on to the long, level and narrow summit ridge. The summit cairn is midway along the ridge but I continued to the trig point on the end hoping for a view down the other side. The cloud was high and broken and the views out to Rhum and Skye were superb. The route down is along the narrow ridge over Stob a' Choire Odhair, then steep slopes down to the Loch. The round is about 8 miles.

Back on the beach we each chose our bivi spots and cooked up. There was a nice breeze off the Loch but as soon as this dropped the midges came out in force. Bill collected fresh cockles and muscles off the beach and spent all evening cooking and eating them by the fire he had lit. There was a fine sunset over a beautiful scene. None of us got much sleep as the night was so warm and the midges never went to bed.

On the following day Bob and Bill walked out early while Ros, Jock and I did the circuit of Luinne Bheinn 3.083 and Meall Buidhe 3107ft. The ascent of the latter top being particularly gruelling in hot, humid conditions. We got back down on the beach again about 2pm and after a couple of hours rest walked back out.

Bob and Bill had gone to Ardgour and we didn't see them again for the rest of the week, munro bagging not being their scene. Ros and I camped at Loch Quoich dam and Jock, who was living in his mini (not a van), joined us later, having gone down to Tomdoun Hotel for a meal.

Sgurr a' Mhaorach 3,365ft

Wednesday, 30th May. Overcast and windy. We had a lazy morning but eventually at about 2.30pm Ros and I set off for Sgurr a' Mhaorach. We parked by the bridge over the Wester Glen arm of Loch Quoich (empty owing to 6 weeks' drought). The ridge up over Sgurr a' Choire Eiricheallean looked long and tedious but a good, grassy stalkers' path zig-zags neatly up it. The coire at the head of Allt Choire a' Chaorinn was a mass of huge suspended boulders and there were some strange little sections of dry stone wall along the edge of the coire in places, seemingly to serve no purpose at all. We soon reached the summit cairn. The ascent had been very pleasant and easy but it was too chilly to stay on top for long so we continued on over Am Bathiach to complete the horseshoe. Down in the Glen we passed some magnificent pools in the River Quoich but it was much too cold for swimming.

We drove down to Spean Bridge and had an excellent and sizeable meal in the cafe there. We then continued to Loch Arkaig and Glen Dessarry to reunite with Jock who had spent the day on his own doing the Loch Lochy group.

Sgurr nan Coireachan 3,136 ft, Sgurr Thiulm 3,164 ft

Jock woke us about 6.00am. We were walking by 8.00am. Our intended outing (a 20 mile round trip) had been to do the Sgurr Mor - Sgurr na Ciche Ridge, but we 'blathered', as the Scots say, our way up the wrong glen and it wasn't until we met a local walker near the bothy that we discovered that we were, to our embarrassment, in Glen Pean and not Glen Dessarry. After some discussions we decided to do the two summits on our left (normally ascended from Glen Finnan). Continuing up the Glen we skirted a superb lochan, then began another of those typically steep, long and trackless Scottish mountainsides, two hours of hard graft direct to the summit cairn.

It was very cold and windy on top. The long, broad ridge to Sgurr Thiulm was really hard going against the venomous wind. There was little shelter on the large, domed summit so we headed on down, each taking our own route and met back at camp. It was a warm and sunny afternoon down in the valley and dips in the icy waters of Loch Arkaig removed some of the accumulated grime.

Friday we decided to have a rest day. Jock left us about noon heading for Kintail. Ros and I drove up Glen Roy to look at the parallel roads, then finding nowhere to camp decided on the Roy Br idge campsite. I knew it was a bad place for midges and spent the evening sealed in my tent fast asleep. Ros, who spent the evening reading in the car, said they became really fearsome.

Meall na Teanga 3,012 ft, Stron a Choire Ghairbh 3,066 ft

Saturday, our last day, was cool and windy with broken, high cloud and short, sharp showers. For our final expedition of the week we decided to do the Loch Lochy hills that Jock had done two days earlier, the round of Meall na Teanga and Stron a Choire Ghairbh. Easy Munros, more like Lakeland fells than Highland hills. Meall na Teanga especially reminded me of Grasmoor, a large dome streaked with red scree.

On the car park at the Eas Chia-aig waterfall we met our Glen Pean friend and his mate (the Glen Dessarry dustman). Both of these great characters (lads about 50/60 years old) had just finished their weeks and when we told them where we were going they advised us jokingly to study our map lest we end up on Ben Nevis. The day kept fine. The walk was very pleasant and the views over to the Ben in the evening were almost alpine in atmosphere.

We had another good meal at Spean Bridge, a good night's sleep then home next day. A very good week.

FOR SALE

(Or swag corner. However, virtually everything which has appeared here in the past has been sold)

Rope 150ft 9mm Red. Good condition having had only a few short falls. Honest!
£8 Joe Brennan 354 3232

Lightweight leather walking boots Zambertan Andalos Size 42 nearly new £20
Roger Lavill

Rossignol SM Competition Skis. Length 190. Complete with Look 77 bindings
£70 ono Ros Fenton Kingswinford 296463

Tent Good Companions extended flysheet £ 15. Old pair size 9 boots £4
John Pettet

Three Bull Terrier Cross. Two bitches, one dog. FREE to good home.
Harry Richards

Lightweight leather walking boots. Guida Dolomites. Size 10. Good condition
£10. Joe Brennan 354 3232

A weak early sun fails to take the edge off a cutting northerly wind. The tent zip opens and a bare arse intrudes, noisily rasping a jet of methane into the enclosed atmosphere where we three slumbered. An arm of the still sleeping Mynette involuntarily twitches for the 'Right Guard' and sprays in reflex action. Steve is still dead to the world, as yet unaware that he would shortly be tasting last night's Ushers all over again. The arse disappears to be replaced by its top end, equally gastly in the orange light.

"COME ON YOU WANKERS, I WANT MY BREAKFAST" .

The mega-decibled Mark seemingly has the ability to leap straight from sleep into hyperactivity. I need a slow thaw, particularly after a restless night with thistles jammed into my sleeping bag by an unknown but easily surmisable hand. The large, flat sausage now discovered under my ear at least accounts for the other peculiar smell.

Running footsteps outside and a frizbee flies through the flaps to impact on the dead Steve's head. No reaction. The voice outside again:

"COME ON, LET'S HIT THE ROCK! WHAT ABOUT CUPID'S BOW, ARROW, ARMY DREAMERS ?"

More running footsteps followed by a stream of expletives as a muesli covered Cloughlan administers the first thump of the day on Mark. No effect. Water off a duck's back.

"AH HAAAAAAA HAAAAAAA HA HAAAAAAA. WHAT ABOUT SPACE, OUTER ENTITY, MARATHON, MALICE AFORETHOUGHT ?"

The grinning head appears through the entrance again.

"WHERE'S YOUR STOVE"

It disappears to eventually come back empty.

"WHERE'S YOUR PANS ? "

They disappear to eventually come back battered by rocks, the result, apparantly, of the undomestic Mark's first attempt at washing up.

"WHAT ABOUT ROCK IDOL, WELSH CONNECTION, TEMPEST, THE STRAIT GATE ?"

More running footsteps, followed by a distant hammering on the Jolly Machine. "Ha a haaaaaaa ahhhh haaaaaaa!"

Methinks Mark is fuelled by nuclear reaction, and like that energy source, impossible to throttle back, destined forever to run at full steam. I crawl out of the fart, dead sausage, right guard laden gloom and begin to manufacture breakfast; a delicate pepper, leek, onion and daddy's sauce butty. In the middle of this assembly job a violent crash in the back sends me sprawling, sandwich in bits.

"HAAAAAAA HA HAAAAAAA. COME ON. DON'T PRATT ABOUT. WHAT ABOUT COOL FOR CATS, ANYONE FOR STENNIS, LOCO DEMENTIA ?"

Quite. Mark receives his second thump of the morn.

A short peace follows. From the tent floats the gentle hiss of aerosol sprays and from behind it, the quiet honking and choking noises as several pints of the aforementioned 'Ushers' reenters the world in reverse flow, the Harvatt stomach acting as beer pump.

Suddenly these pastoral sounds of nature awakening are banished as the poetic lyrics of Frank Zappa blast at maximum volume from the Lund Mobile.

"Crude Slut.
 Shoo bee doo beee
 Be a Crude Slut
 Shoo bee doo beee
 The boys in the crew are waiting for you
 shoooooooo beeeeeee dooooo beeeee
 Crude Slut"

Mark does a lap of the field, cuts in on the run, past Serck's tent, plonking a foot neatly in the middle of his breakfast, straining on a time leash.

"THE ROCK, THE ROOCCCKKKKK. WHAT ABOUT..."

"Listen, I've been thinking about the route for today."

"YES. WHAT ? KEELHAUL, SPRINGBOARD, CROCODILE, IVORY TOWER, POLTERGEIST, FRIGID DIGITS ?"

"Bow Slab"

Stunned silence.

At last.

EXTRACTS FROM THE TYN LON LOG

Saturday, 24th April 1971

Mercian Mountaineering Club: All members ventured out to brave the elements Rain and wind on the precipices of Idwal Slabs. Having sailed into the Cwm, flippers, masks and air cylinder were donned and the party swam up the Slabs. The fishing was not as good as expected.

Ceunant Mountaineering Club: Ventured to Majestic Cinema, Caernarvon and seen 'Where Eagles Dare'.

 (Entries from an unknown school party):-

Wed 16th March 1977:

Arrived at 6.00pm. Got unpacked and played darts. Later on in the night Mr Keane and Mr Mackie went to look at the surveying land, namely all the pubs, came back stoned. Pillow fight started while teachers were at pub. Benny, Mark, Brian, Nick and Rich made an assault down the trap door.

Thurs 17th :

Made an early start and went down to Ellis Brigham's shop to have the hiking boots. We tried to make an assault on the Devil's Kitchen. We passed the lake and the tall slabs and got to the entrance to the Devil's Kitchen except for Mr Keane who had to carry Rich back to the minibus because he was sick. While up at the entrance to Devil's Kitchen we were attacked by hailstones. We unpacked the food and had a small lunch and then made our way back. Later on in the afternoon we made an attempt at Snowdon but the wind blew us back to the minibus. We came back and played darts. Then Mr Keane and Mr Mackie went for a short walk and came back two and a half hours later !!!!! er rather merry. Meanwhile a pillow fight had started and a light bulb exploded with a little help from Barlow and his trusty pillows. Monaghan got beat up for too much talking after hours.

Fri 18th :

Monaghan had a little accident with his trousers. An early start again to the toilet for Monaghan but he had a little trouble with his flies all because of too much tea. We started up Combe Knifon, we got three quarters of the way and had lunch. Ryvita and spiced meat or that is what Mr Keane told us but the rain p..... down and we gave up our climb. Moggan felt sick and Dodds and Monaghan decided to plaster themselves with mud on the way down.

Tyn Lon Extracts (continued)

General Notes:

Edwards who was nearly naked was dancing about on the beds when Monaghan took a couple of pictures of him (the negatives weighed 5 lbs). Chapman acted as a bean bomb, the smell was overpowering. Colfer led us bravely through the grave yard. He then scarpered leaving us to our fate. He made up for it though by leading us in a pillow fight. One night Edwards asked Colfer for a quick flash so they disappeared in the ladies for half an hour.

11th June 1977:

Jim Jewell, Elaine, Jon de Montjoye:-

A tour de force - Wrinkle, Crackstone Rib and Ribstone Crack. Jim said he thought Wrinkle as hard as Great Wall and only used three slings and 5 pints. We played the National Anthem on his rope on Ribstone Crack (5 points of aid). He also led Crackstone Rib free - on sight and no chalk.

5th Aug 1979 :

Clive's (Powell) "Comeback" becomes Clive's "Dive"

Is it a bird ? Is it a plane ? No, its Clive leaving the top of Scratch like superman. Unfortunately he does not seem to be able to fly - when out of a car that is.

Saturday 29th Sep 1979 ;

Tony and Ray. Scratch Arete. Tony was unable to lead second pitch (5a) and took 3 hours to prove it. Ray took 10 mins to prove that he could!

17 / 1 / 81:

Jon (de Montjoye) cut his toe nails in the common room 6a E5. Elaine slept most of the day, this gave an interesting pitch of good extreme.

The man who stole the wood from us turned up at the cottage after closing at the 'Vaynol' in pursuit of some aims that are known with certainty to him alone. This visit resulted in the police being called (the members restraining themselves from thumping him (stupid) and the offender being taken away. A discussion ensued in the hut; the result of which was that two of the members fell out over whether they possessed foreskins or not. It is curious how events proceed .

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Nov 3 Bonfire meet Tyn Lon. Fireworks, food and frolicks. Tickets out soon

1/2 December Pembroke John Pettet

Indoor Meets (Any queries to Margo Beddard Brierley Hill 76428)

Oct 31st Wed.

Bring and Buy sale. The Old Crown. Bring anything and everything.

Nov 14th Wed

Slide evening

Dec 5th Wed

Skittles night at the Fountain, Adams Hill, Clent.

£3 inclusive. Please let Margo know what your palate prefers, chicken or scampi.

Prizes galore

Sunday 9th Dec

Possible ski do to Gloucester, afternoon.